

No eulogies for Alan Watts, page 8

OSCEOLA

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The Great Quarry Debate

Winning hearts and mines in Lexington



Lone Star's Columbia plant

Story and photos by Bob Thompson

A great gaping chasm yawns sleepily in the last rays of evening light, next to the Congaree River in southwestern Columbia. You can't see much, standing outside the fence of Lone Star Industries, because of the fading sun. But come back in the noonday brightness, and you'll see a huge gash in the earth that comprises Lone Star's granite quarry.

The quarry -- what the public can see of it -- is impressive in its own stark way. Two hundred feet deep, hundreds of yards long, the huge hole in the earth resembles the awesome rock formations of the western United States, in miniature. That is, except for the trappings of industry, of a mechanized society -- the huge chutes, and rock crushers, and other machines that enable Lone Star Industries to rip out massive chunks of rock, pulverize them, and ready them for the construction market.

There probably aren't a whole lot of people in Columbia who know the quarry is even there, tucked away on a 237-acre plot of land west of Bluff Road, in the Olympia section of the city. The area surrounding the quarry is mostly industrial: a steel company, a textile mill, several paper products firms, and other medium-to-heavy industries. But the people who live in Olympia's residential section, a cluster of little mill houses next to the Lone Star grounds, know the quarry is there. The constant din of the rock crushers, the dust, the huge trucks rumbling by, the spasmodic outbursts of blasting explosives -- all work in tandem to remind the residents that one of the heaviest of industries is nearby.

Living next to a rock quarry isn't the most pleasant feeling in the world. One Olympia resident said she was bothered most by the blasting, which she said shakes her house. The Rev. and Mrs. Otto Reentsjerna, who lived in Olympia until recently, told of an "impossible" dust problem created by the quarry that Mrs. Reentsjerna said caused her to suffer acute sinusitis. Mrs. Reentsjerna used to keep a prescription medicine at bedside at all times, she said, for the sinus headaches. Since moving to Lexington, away from the

[Continued on Page Four]

*"...Living next to a rock
quarry isn't the
most pleasant
feeling in the world..."*

OSCEOLA

"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."
— press critic A.J. Liebling

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cheap shots

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Q. Do you think that we traded one administration for a worse one?

A. Neither one was worthy of this great country. I think that these are third-rate men. What H.L. Mencken said about the election of Calvin Coolidge. He said it was though a man sat down at a great banquet table where every delicacy in the world was offered and he turned around and picked off a fly from the sideboard and ate it. Gerald Ford was not a distinguished congressman. He seems to be a perfectly agreeable political hack, and America has greatness, and problems that must be faced with greatness, and he's simply not in scale either with the nation or the problem.

--Author Kurt Vonnegut interviewed in the Washington Star

were the depths of austerity.

Meanwhile, a call to the Clemson University Motor Pool this week confirmed a rumor (probably begun by envious USCers) concerning Clemson's choice of vehicles for University use in the next year or so.

"Yeah, we got us 84 Ford LTD's from Guy Motors over in Anderson," said a spokesperson in the motor pool. "We've got some more cars coming later, but I think there going to be Plymouths."

With gasoline soaring toward the \$1 per gallon mark, we thought the LTD's an odd selection, and asked the spokesperson about the mileage. "Oh, I'd say they git between 10 and 11 miles a gallon," he said.

No wonder there having trouble making ends meet up in the hills.

Photo by George W. Gardner

Posh austerity

We've always felt that there was quite a bit of difference between what the men who run the state universities look on as hard times and what persons say, in a poverty stricken area of Williamsburg County might consider hard times.

For example, Clemson University President Robert C. Edwards has always taken quiet satisfaction from the fact that he personally drives a rather modest American sedan or some such car, while other public officials in South Carolina driving state-owned vehicles (to wit, former USC president Tom Jones), were wheeling around in one of the nation's poorer states in Cadillacs and the like.

And earlier this summer, Edwards expressed extreme dissatisfaction when the Clemson budget was cut to what he claimed



R.C. Edwards
...traveling first class

Honest Georgie

Although the Man From Alabama hasn't made his candidacy in the 1976 Presidential sweepstakes formal, the campaign of Gov. George Wallace is rolling into high gear. Potential Wallace supporters around the country recently received the June edition of his eight-page tabloid called The Wallace Stand.

Most of the prose is Wallace's writers at their restrained best -- no Bunkerisms here. "Only when the average citizen's voice is heard do we have government responsive to the people. Never before has it been so important that the voices of the average citizens be heard and trusted as it is today," reads one prominent Wallace quote. Such truth could have as easily come from the mouth of Terry Sanford, Ted Kennedy, Wilbur Mills, Gerald Ford, Ronald Reagan, or heaven forbid, George McGovern.

The publication includes a full page of "Wallace News" and a full page with the ominous headline "The Plot Against Wallace and the People." It also includes frequent references to the governor's health: "Bullets didn't stop Wallace in 1972 and smear won't stop him in 1976," offers one headline. "There's nothing wrong with me except I am paralyzed from the waist down and there are a lot of politicians who are paralyzed from the neck up," Wallace explains soothingly.

And then there is the financial sales pitch. For those who want more than a nice letter to show for their contribution, the campaign is offering \$15 2x3 foot blue and red polyester rugs, complete with a reproduction of Wallace's signature and such

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Much ado about nothing

"It is my fervent wish that when I die my wife's face will show some small portion of the grief I saw Sunday at Belmont Park. Some women cried unashamedly. Some stared blankly into space. Some were terribly angry..."

Ruffian, the symbol of women's rights, a female horse that had been elevated to diety like some Egyptian goddess, had broken her ankle trying, literally, to beat that male chauvinist equine, Foolish Pleasure...

"...There is no surrender among most women. They are hurt. They are depressed. They have lost a battle. The war goes on."

Sports columnist Dick Young
in the New York Daily News

"We are hardened to war film, to the tragedy of hunger, to long lines of refugees going nowhere. It took the running of two superb horses and disastrous breakdown to one champion to dig deep into our pits of emotion..."

Sports columnist Bob Quincy
in The Charlotte Observer

Ruffian is dead. Long live Ruffian. Horse exhaust. We are sorely distressed at the hub-bub which has literally gushed from every nether orifice around since last Sunday's highly touted "Battle of the Sexes." It was only a horse race. Even ignoring that Foolish Pleasure is a gelding, what inane comparisons would have been drawn, we wonder, had such a "tragedy" transpired during the "classic" tennis match between Billie Jean King and Bobby Riggs? Picture, if you will, Billie Jean shattering her wrist attempting to return a vicious overhand volley from Master Riggs and yet struggling another 15 seconds or so with her (once) good right hand dangling at some grotesque angle, continuing to slug it out with the King of Men -- before pulling up lame at the base line. Bobby Riggs? Foolish Pleasure? Come on now.

It's bad enough a horse race can be made to serve as an arena for sexual conflict, but must we now be subjected to the spectacle of journalistic morons sermonizing that all of us (Americans) should be proud we've been touched to our

very souls by the passing of this great competitor? A race horse? God help us if we are really wailing away in neighborhood bars and hospital wards, but that's what the hacks tell us -- and more: that we are weeping and mourning the loss of a peerlessly equine soul as its corpse is laid to rest beneath the infield at Belmont race track shows we are not callous -- we are truly Americans, truly sympathetic, concerned human beings of the highest calibre. Horse exhaust.

We are reminded of an anti-war rally held in New Orleans in the late 1960's. Posters were drawn up declaring a German Shepherd puppy would be napalmed to show displeasure with our involvement in Indochina. Hundreds upon hundreds of concerned Americans showed up -- to protest the protest's burning of the puppy. War dissidents were bombarded with bottles and debris by SPCA'ers who called the protestors faggots, perverts, communist barbarians, and worse. Police were called in, and officers surrounding the area promised blanket arrests for the dissidents the moment the flaming jelly hit the pup. The organizers of the protest had no intention of cooking the puppy. To the contrary, one of the protestors grabbed a microphone, held up a can of deodorant (which every one believed was napalm), and told the crowd that thousands as many containers actually filled with for-real napalm were raining from the skies of Indochina every day. He was trying to make a point, a simple point, a point obvious even to the average eight-year old: hundreds of Americans could show up to protest the threatened imolation of one mute animal -- bred only to please us with its blind, unthinking servility -- and yet we could quietly sit by and condone the same brutal slaughter of hundreds of thousands of human beings half a planet away who didn't particularly feel like being subservient. Needless to say, the point was lost. The crowd just grew more angry, having made themselves fools. The crowd soon dispersed to mutters of "Just a bunch of crazy kids."

And now Ruffian is dead. Well, hell, so are a lot of things.

Gary Ligi

slogans as "Trust the People" and "Smile, this is Wallace country." Tapes and records of Wallace's speeches are also offered.

There's also a George Wallace wrist watch for sale, and a fine print note reminds readers that ole George doesn't need anybody to tell him what time it really is. He's paid a personal royalty on each of the \$22.50 watches sold.

In fact, the Washington Post reported July 4 that Wallace has signed a contract with his presidential campaign committee that allows him to draw \$150,000 in personal royalties over a period of 10 years for the campaign's use of his likeness, something that old "Tell It Like It Is" George has kept secret for almost a year.

Dorn speaks out

Speaking of Wallace, our old friend William Jennings Bryan Dorn climbed out of exile from his Greenwood home recently and traveled to Thomson, Ga., telling Democrats there that it would be a tragic mistake if the Demos discriminate against George and his 20 million or so followers.

Dorn, who lost last year's Democratic gubernatorial primary runoff to Pug Ravenel after resorting to some Wallace-style tactics like calling the Puffer's bluff on the "Mafia money" behind the Ravenel candidacy, was outraged when the lineup for a Demo fund-raising dinner in New York recently failed to include Wallace. "If this type of discrimination continues against Wallace or others," he warned, "the Democratic Party will be hopelessly divided and impotent in the 1976 elections."

Dorn's wailing over Wallace seems a mite contrived when one considers that Wallace has never supported a Democratic presidential candidate since he was elected to public office. As for discrimination, Wallace's name was synonymous with it for years when he was pulling gigs like standing in schoolhouse doors to preserve "Alabama integrity" on the "racial question."

Apparently that doesn't bother Dorn, though. As he put it, "It is imperative for the private enterprise system that both parties welcome conservative and liberals in their ranks."

Ah, well, as long as it's for a good cause....

Collective Bargaining

The American Federation of Musicians is very unhappy with Carowinds Theme Park -- a problem which could bode ill for the remainder of the park's scheduled musical performances, including shows by Ray Stevens, Bobby Goldsboro, Jim Stafford and Linda Ronstadt, reported in the July 4 edition of Osceola.

So far, the week-old controversy has been highlighted only by the ignorance of all the participants.

"Let's just say that the local musician's union says the national union has placed us on a blacklist," says Tom Olds, Carowinds public relations representative. "Any information should come from the local musicians' union, I suppose."

"The only thing I can do is read you the news release from the national headquarters," says Bennie Jones of Charlotte local 342. "We don't have the full information yet."

"If you want to know what's going on," says Ted Dreher, assistant to the president of the American Federation of Musicians in New York, "Try reading the papers."

The controversy, which until the first of last week had been kept out of the news media, apparently involves the wages and working conditions of some 200 musicians presently at Carowinds.

According to the news release from the union's New York headquarters, Carowinds was "placed on the national unfair list of

the American Federation of Musicians...for refusal to bargain for wage and working standards applying to musicians who from time to time may perform for or at Carowinds."

The release adds that a group of union members were told by a representative of the park that Carowinds would not bargain, leading to the blacklisting of park. The effect of the blacklisting remains to be seen. Although the union's news release advises that members of the Federation will be notified of the decision to blacklist the amusement park, the performers contacted knew nothing about the move. The decision on whether to appear at Carowinds will be made by the performers and their managers, says one performer.

"Other than that," the performer adds, "We can't tell you anything."

Carowinds is effectively ignoring the

whole issue, continuing to advertise the upcoming shows.

"Our posture on this thing is to say nothing," says Olds. "The shows are going on as scheduled."

The question mark is apparently what action the union will take against musicians who choose to violate the ban.

"It's up to the musicians whether they will perform or not," says Dreher. "And whether they will perform or not remains to be seen."

He refuses to discuss what penalties might be levied against touring musicians who play at Carowinds -- "That's an internal union matter."

"It's not a blacklist," the union leader snaps. "It's a declaration of unfair practices brought by a union against an employer who won't bargain. I would suggest you read up on labor law if you want to pursue

this any further."

Local leader Jones sounds exasperated.

"We really don't know what's going on at Carowinds," he says. "Our biggest problem is that we haven't been able to negotiate for our people or even talk to the people at Carowinds. We're in a position of not being able to find out anything."

He will say that the controversy centers around the local musicians, many of whom are not members of the union, hired for the Memorial Day to Labor Day season. The touring shows, he says, take care of their own. The final decision on penalties will be made by Dreher at some time in the future, and then the whole situation will make more sense.

"This thing has been in the working for some time," Jones says. "We've been hoping everything would work out."

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Hearts and mines

[Continued from Page One]



quarry site, Mrs. Reentsjerna attested, she and her husband don't have sinus problems anymore.

Yet, as mining representatives say, people would complain even more if mines were abolished. As one Lone Star official said, "People want asphalt highways, and they want concrete block buildings, and they want cement floors. But they don't want to have the mines around that are necessary to produce those things."

Traveling west along U.S. Highway 1, about half a mile before you reach the Lexington town limits, you might notice a cow pasture on the right-hand side of the road. That idyllic plot of land is becoming the source of quite a bit of controversy in Lexington (town and county) recently. The reason is that Lone Star Industries, which has owned the land for seven years, appears to be making the first steps towards converting the pasture into a granite quarry.

A number of town and county officials, as well as local residents, are understandably upset at the prospect of having a rock quarry, with all its concomitant hazards and noise and truck traffic and ugliness, move in next door. What has angered the officials and residents even more is the way that Lone Star's application to mine in the area has been handled by the S.C. Land Resources Conservation Commission. And the dispute over the quarry is not lacking in more universal applications: the larger question that will be answered when the quarry is finally prohibited or accepted is the right of a municipality or county to decide what types of commerce it wants around.

The 64-acre plot of land on which Lone Star is thinking of mining granite is

bordered on one side by Route 1 and on another by scenic Twelve Mile Creek, which also marks the end of Lexington town limits. Next to the plot are two new housing developments -- Heritage Hills and Cherry Hall. The town's sewage disposal plant also adjoins the land.

Opposition to the quarry -- which Lone Star still says it isn't certain it will open -- arose after the Mining and Reclamation Department of the S.C. Land Resources Conservation Commission okayed Lone Star's application for a mining permit at the Lexington site. The fact that there was little public outcry about the possibility of rock quarry was not coincidental, opponents of the quarry claim, because few people even know about Lone Star's plans before the Mining and Reclamation Department approved of them.

Here's what happened. On November 8 of last year, Lone Star Industries, heeding a new South Carolina Mining Act which required mining firms to get permits from the Mining and Reclamation Department before doing any mining, filed applications to mine eight sites in the state. Mining operations had already been underway in six of Lone Star's locations before the new law was passed in 1973; for the other two sites, the company wanted permission to begin mining.

According to the Mining Act, legal notices must be placed in general circulation newspapers in the vicinity of a potential mining site, notifying the public that a company wants to begin mining in a certain place. The Mining and Reclamation Department posted the required legal notices, in the weekly Lexington Dispatch-News on January 9, 16, and 23, and in the Columbia daily, The State, on January 13, 20, and 27.

Several Lexington residents saw the legal notices in the newspapers. But there weren't many people who saw them (which isn't unusual, since as one irate citizen complained, "Who reads the legal notices anyway?"). And those who did see the notices have complained that they were cryptic, vague, uninformative, and possibly inaccurate. The notices in the Dispatch-News, filed under the heading "Intent to Mine," said only: "Lone Star Industries, Inc. has applied for a mining permit. The proposed mine is located in Lexington County, off U.S. 1 approximately 1.5 miles east of Lexington, South Carolina." The notices were signed by the Mining and Reclamation Department.

"It was kind of a nebulous thing," commented Tim Driggers, a local attorney. "You couldn't tell from reading the notice whether they are going to mine next year or 20 years from now. It didn't tell the size of the hole, what they're going to mine, the impact of the blasting, the decibel level -- things the citizens of the area should know concerning the operation."

Several residents of the proposed quarry vicinity sought more information from Mining and Reclamation -- without much success. Doug Salisbury was one of them. Salisbury, a toxicologist by profession and an environmentalist by avocation, told Osceola how he tried to get a copy of Lone Star's permit application from the Mining and Reclamation Department. In late January, Salisbury related, he went to the Mining and Reclamation offices and asked to see the application. "I was told that the information was in Murray Wood's personal files, and that Wood (department director) was out of town. So I had to come back two days later, and Wood finally showed me the application."

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Other Lexington residents and officials seeking information of the mine apparently ran into a lot of dead ends also. Then, on February 11 -- just two weeks after the latest legal notice was published -- Wood sent Lone Star a letter notifying the company that its permit had been approved. The speed with which the permit approval came, along with the two-month delay between the application November 8 and the first public notice January 9, convinced a number of town officials that the Mining and Reclamation Department was trying to sneak the quarry past the townspeople's critical eye. Mayor pro tem W. Jimmy Brown, who is also an official of the Ted O. McGee Realty which owns the Cherry Hall subdivision, was one of the more bitter critics of Mining and Reclamation's handling of the permit request. When Mining and Reclamation director Wood finally held a public hearing, in June, four months after the permit approval, Brown stood up and charged that "the people of Lexington were not notified in the proper manner." Then he added, with sarcasm, "We have had a complete job of railroading through your department. You're to be complimented."

The Mining and Reclamation Department was working under a deadline of sorts: the Mining Act stipulates that the department must act on permit requests within 60 days of the application date. The department missed that by a long shot, not even getting the first notice out within 60 days. Driggers and other quarry opponents have questioned why the Mining and Reclamation Department took so long to notify the public of Lone Star's plans and then moved so rapidly to approve them. Their implicit answer to their own question is "railroading."

The public hearing June 17 showed almost universal hesitancy with which townspeople and officials are receiving the idea of a rock quarry. Although only about 40 persons attended the long-sought hearing, most of the major municipal groups were represented, and almost all said they didn't want the Lone Star plot to be mined. Samuel E. George, chairman of the town planning commission, introduced a unanimous resolution from the commission

"...All the problems of the quarry may be solved if Lone Star decides not to open it..."

requesting the Mining and Reclamation Department to revoke Lone Star's mining permit. Jimmy Brown, mayor pro tem, dramatized his opposition by walking out of the hearing, saying "I'm just wasting my time here."

A major complaint of town officials and quarry opponents was that Wood was essentially saying that the Mining and Reclamation Department wouldn't change its mind on allowing the mining, and the best the town could hope for would be that safety and pollution control requirements would make the quarry more acceptable. When Jim Barfield, representing the Lexington Chamber of Commerce, questioned Wood's ground rules, he was ruled out of order, and he too walked out of the hearing.

An on-site inspection of the land Lone Star Industries may turn into a quarry gives the best idea of the problems the quarry could bring to the town of Lexington. The 64-acre parcel, owned by Palmetto Quarries until that company merged with Lone Star Industries of Columbia in 1969, was inaccurately described in the legal notices as being 1.5 miles outside of Lexington. In fact, it sits right on the town limit, Twelve Mile Creek.

Just on the other side of the beautiful, swift-flowing creek -- a favorite fishing spot of the locals -- are the Cherry Hall and Heritage Hills residential subdivisions. Both subdivisions are new, and most of the homes must be completed and sold. That's going to be a herculean task, as word gets around that a noisy, dangerous quarry might be just across the creek. For that reason, Jimmy Brown, with special interest in Cherry Hall's success, and Walter Hendrix, developer of Heritage Hills, are providing some of the most vocal opposition to the quarry.

The Lone Star land is well suited to granite mining. Though it is not a particularly large area -- one-quarter the size of Lone Star's Olympia quarry -- the Lexington quarry has a very shallow "overburden" (the amount of soil on top of the granite). Thus, the granite will be relatively easy to get. Yet that advantage also poses an environmental disadvantage: the blasting will be near the surface of the ground, which means there will be no deep pit to contain the sound or the shock waves. New quarries are generally noisier to mine than old, deep quarries, such as the Olympia quarry.

Lone Star has already made some plans to help control to sound generated by the blasting, as well as to make the quarry safer. A 100-foot-wide buffer zone of trees on the perimeter of the land has been proposed, to muffle the sound and to hide the ugliness of the 14-acre pit. The company also plans to build earthen "berms," or mounds four to six feet high stretching around the pit area to prevent erosion. Salisbury contends, however, that these measures would do little or nothing to prevent pollution from noise and dust from affecting nearby homes.

A major concern of nearby residents is the safety of their children. They want to make sure adequate fencing will be put up to keep curious children from entering the quarry area. At a March meeting between Wood, Lone Star representatives and town leaders, Wood and Doug Salisbury exchanged heated words over the fence requirement. When Salisbury said he felt Lone Star's plan for a 45-inch high barbed-wire restraining fence around the quarry was "not sufficient," Wood retorted, "It is sufficient. What do you want -- 50 feet high?"

Traffic safety, and reclamation once the quarry is closed, are other areas of concern.

The quarry site is located on a slight hill, just around a bend on Route 1 where cars fly by at 60 miles per hour average. With an estimated 17 truckloads of granite being hauled out of the quarry each hour, eight hours a day, the trucks could pose a dangerous traffic problem entering the highway.

Reclamation is a long way off, if Lone Star decides to start mining, because the quarry could remain open from 50 to 100 years, depending on the amount of granite. But Salisbury pointed out that about all you can do with an abandoned quarry is fill it up with water. The Mining and Reclamation Department doesn't think that's such a bad idea. "We're sure this land can be reclaimed for a lake," said Jack Whisnant, an engineer with the department, adding that after reclamation the site "will be better than it is now." But filling up a 200-foot deep quarry takes a lot of water. Lone Star is thinking about diverting Twelve Mile Creek, but one critic pointed out that wasn't feasible, because the creek constitutes the town limit. And Salisbury contends that the steep dropoff in the quarry would make it too dangerous for swimming, and that the water would tend to become stagnant.

All the problems that the quarry would bring may be solved if Lone Star decides not to open it. Company officials stress that they have no immediate plans to begin mining, and they say they may never mine any granite at their Lexington site. So, the question that arises, why did Lone Star (or its predecessor, Palmetto Quarry) wait so long before seeking a mining permit?

Recently Osceola talked to Lone Star's production manager, Usher Winslett, and asked him that question. His reply was that the company was merely complying with the new Mining Act's permitting requirement. He explained that a Lone Star official was drawing up permit applications for the company's existing quarries, and he decided to request a permit for the Lexington site at the same time, for convenience's sake. "There's no way we'd want to operate that quarry immediately," Winslett said.

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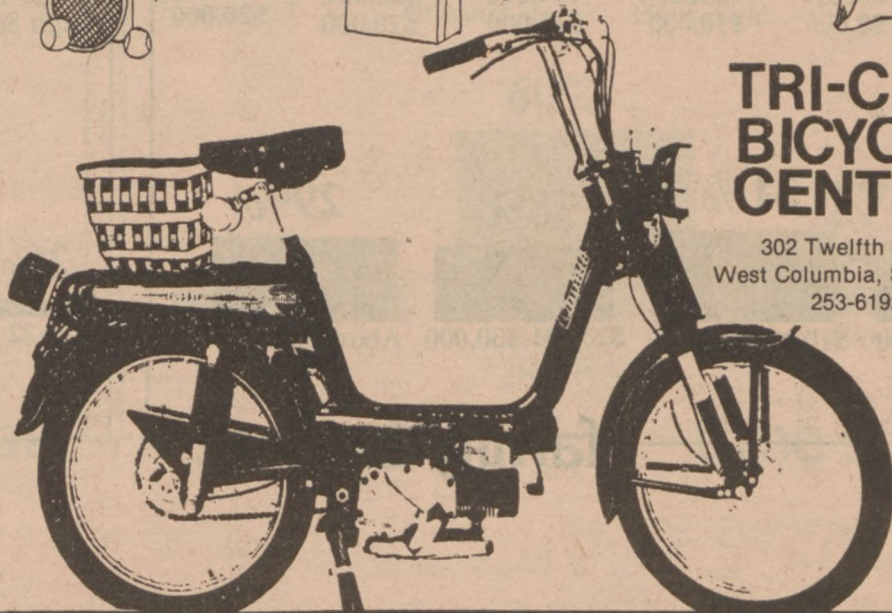
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Hearts and mines

[Continued from Page Five]

The explanation seemed a little weak, so we asked Lexington mayor Hugh Rogers what he thought about it. Rogers replied that Lone Star officials had used the same pitch at meetings with town officials. "They made it sound like they just threw that one (Lexington) in with all the rest, just to have clearance."

But a more probable reason for the timing of the application, according to Rogers and other quarry opponents, is that Lone Star wanted to begin mining before the County Planning Commission zones that area residential (thus prohibiting mining). The planning commission is currently tied up with zoning in the Dutch Fork area, and it isn't likely that the commission would get around to zoning the area of the Lone Star site very soon. If Lone Star begins mining operations -- which one town official said could entail as little as "turning over a shovelful of dirt" -- before zoning, subsequent zoning couldn't legally stop the mining "after the fact." The most that could happen, most observers say, is that zoning could limit the size of the quarry, but not stop it altogether. As Rogers explained, "You can't prohibit (by zoning) something that already exists."

John Bumgarner, a local banker and member of the town planning commission, is willing to give Lone Star and the Mining and Reclamation Department the benefit of the numerous doubts about their actions. On Lone Star, Bumgarner said, "I believe them when they say they submitted this

application with the seven other applications in the same envelope. I believe they were trying to comply with the Mining Act." And Bumgarner said the criticism of Murray Wood, for allegedly inadequate public notice of the permit and for not holding an early public hearing, is perhaps unjustified: "He's done everything he's supposed to do."

"Where the real villain is," Bumgarner avers, "is weak legislation." That's the general consensus of most quarry opponents, though many aren't as easy on Wood and Lone Star as Bumgarner is. Rogers, for instance, pointed out that the 1973 Mining Act "doesn't even provide for decent public notice." Instead of "just a one-inch ad," the mayor said, there should have been an ad at least three inches high and three columns wide, required by the law. And he also termed the lack of a mandatory public hearing, before a permit can be approved, as another drawback.

Rep. Jarvis Klapman of Lexington introduced just such amendments to the

Mining Act this year, but they were defeated -- thanks to the mining lobby, Klapman has claimed. The South Carolina Mining Council, which drew up the 1973 Mining Act, could itself stand some scrutiny, according to its critics. The Mining Council seems stacked with mining interests. Last year, for instance, when conservationist member Bill Campbell resigned from the Council upon his election to the House of Representatives, he was replaced by the owner of a Columbia area sand mine. Campbell said he "never was that impressed" with the Mining Council, and the act it drew up "leaves something to be desired in the way of public input."

Rogers and Bumgarner both have doubts that the quarry will ever open up. They agree that Lone Star would be subject to innumerable lawsuits, because the quarry would drastically reduce the surrounding land values. A Lone Star official, who also said the quarry may never be mined, explained why: "We'd have more lawyers working for us than we would

have people in the quarry."

"I think the overwhelming consensus in the town is one of opposition to the quarry," Rogers said. "It comes at an unfortunate time." If it had been started 30 years ago, the mayor said, it would have been different, because then "the town could have gone in a different direction." But you can't move the town now. As to the "overwhelming" feeling in the town against the quarry, Rogers pointed out that "this is the first time the town has gone on record against any enterprise."

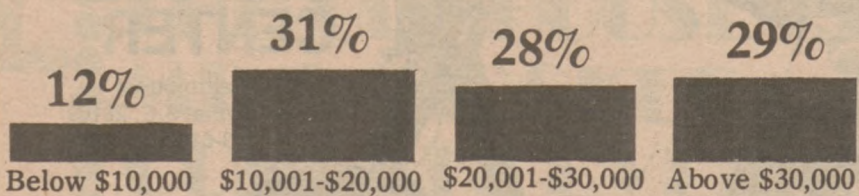
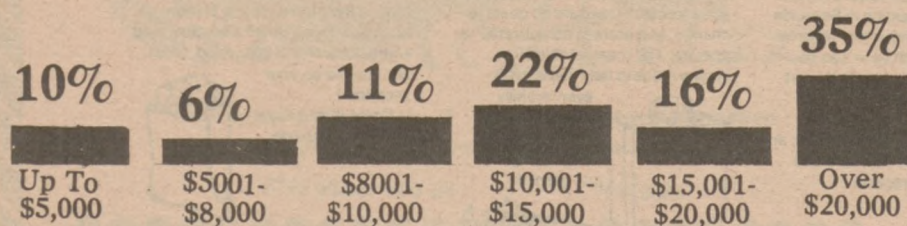
Bumgarner said he feels economic reasons may preclude the mining of the land. "The start-up cost here would be tremendous." If other Lone Star quarries are providing enough minerals, the company may decide not to use the Lexington site right now. It's economically feasible for Lone Star not to mine the land, Bumgarner contends, because the land cost relatively little in the first place, and it's good to have around because "they're not making any more land." But, as he also admitted, "Business is business is business. There's very little morality in business." So, if the quarry can produce a profit, Lone Star can be expected to open it up.

Perhaps the most distressing thing about the Lone Star case to townspeople is the fact that the town, and Lexington County, are going to be directly affected by the quarry. Yet they have no input into the decisions that the Department of Mining and Reclamation have made or will make. As one observer exclaimed, "It's just as bad as taxation without representation."

"...It's just as bad as taxation without representative..."

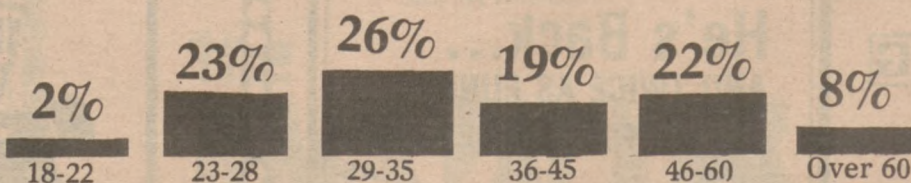
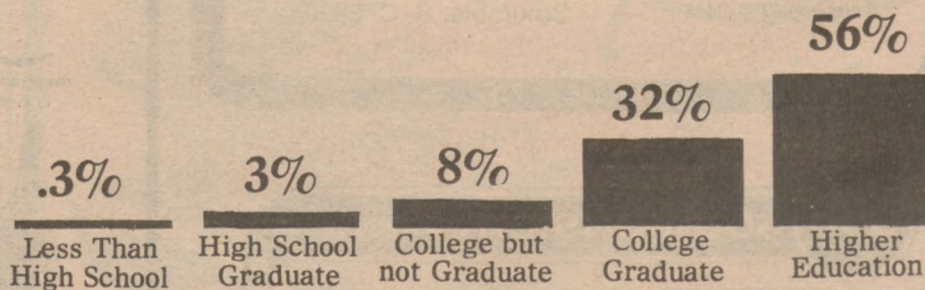
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It's a nice thought, at least

Rescued from the moroseness of the **Hot I Baltimore** lobby, USC's repertory troupe of actors is having a fine time with this summer's second production -- a well-paced, physically beautiful staging of Brandon Thomas' 75-years-old **Charley's Aunt**, one of the most mindless yet engaging plays ever devised for the stage.

When Charley's Aunt, Dona Lucia d'Alvadorez, promises to visit the young man during Commemoration Week at Oxford, Charley's daring friend Jack Chesney decides that the old woman the letter conjures up for him will make an excellent chaperone for a social affair. And,

so, man-servant Bresset dispatches a note from the two heroes to the Misses Spettigue and Verdun, the objects of their affections, which invites them to lunch with Charley's Aunt and the boys on the eve of the ladies' departure to Scotland.

Of course, if any of this came off too easily, Thomas would have had little drama and even less entertainment, for who wants to pay to see a smoothly running universe. When Bresset reappears with a second letter from Charley's Aunt, this one expressing regrets for a last minute change in itinerary, all hell breaks loose, metaphorically at least, as chaos and the collegiate fear of failure start these characters spinning on a dizzying trip into night.

When Lord Fanny Babberley enters on his way to a comedy in which he is to play the role of an old maid, the boys see a way for Charley's Aunt to appear and perform her social duties. Now, if Lord Fanny were less lascivious and Dona Lucia less rich, this charade just might work. Further complications only add to the maddening hilarity which Thomas has so far concocted. Blending visual and verbal music hall humor with classical comic form and adding a dash of contemporary satire, **Charley's Aunt** works a special kind of magic.

The play is deceptively simple. Though

the playwright may erect a thousand barricades between the dauntless heroes and their ladies, the simple mythology to which he ascribes can only assure certain outcomes: love will conquer all, the strength of youth will overcome the obstinance of old age, and all will live happily ever after. To talk about how Thomas moves his characters from point A to point Z would become a superfluous task, for that is something which must be witnessed for one to understand or believe.

Except for David Wesner, all the actors in **Charley's Aunt** appeared in one guise or another in **Hot I Baltimore**. Perhaps Steve Bordner has undergone the most radical metamorphosis. As Lord Rancourt Babberley a.k.a. Charley's Aunt, Bordner commands center stage with a tightly controlled yet exuberant comic performance. He strides about arrogantly as the wheeling-dealing Babberley and blushes with moral self-righteousness as the manufactured Auntie. Without pandering to the material, he makes of Dona Lucia an eccentric delight even as his Lord Fanny becomes more reluctant to play this role.

Harold Stockton's Charley and Paul Kersey's Jack complement each other quite well. Stockton is good-natured, wishy-washy, and unsure of himself while Kersey is scheming, determined, and rather

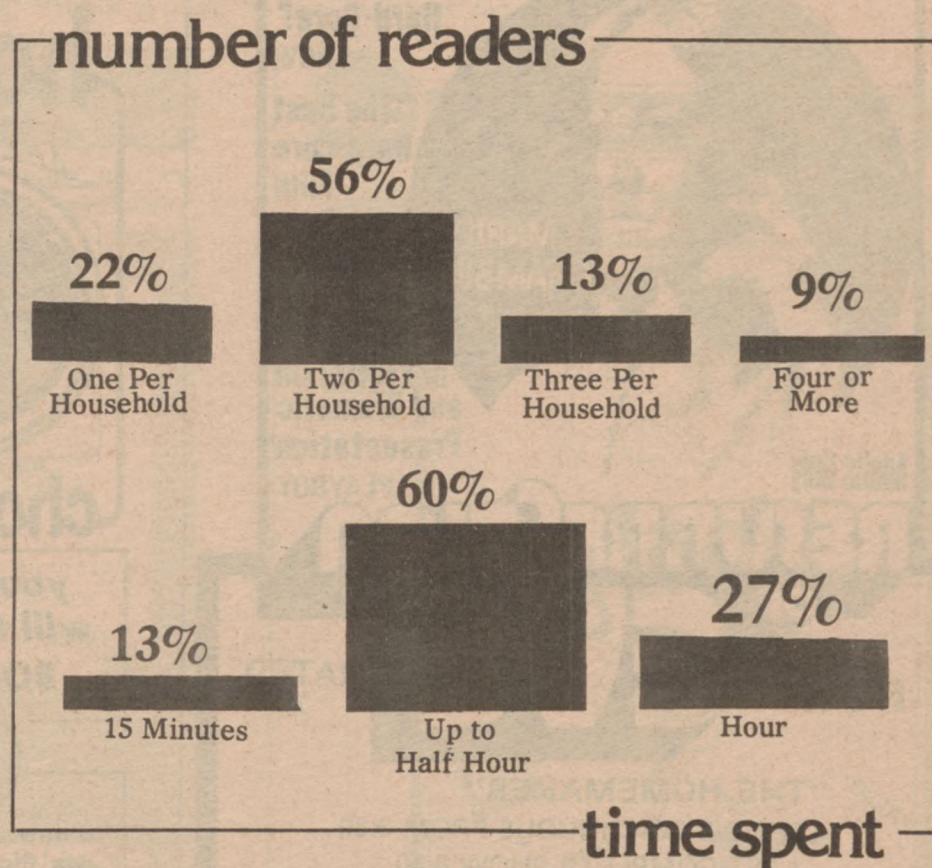
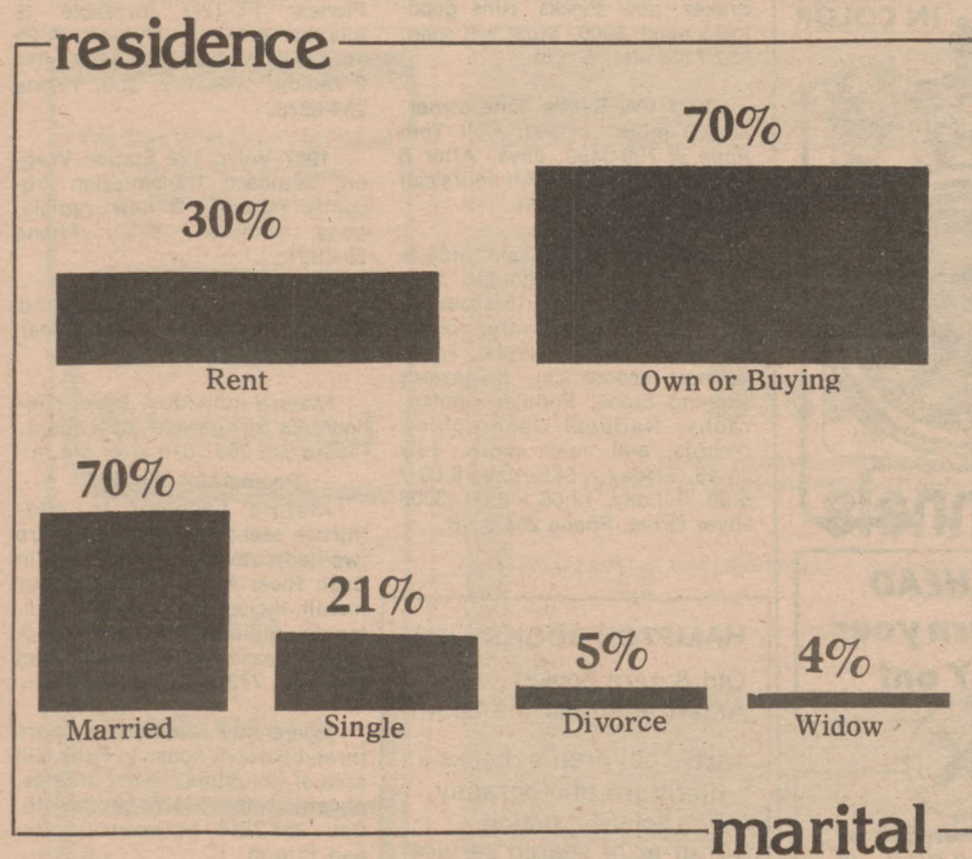
arrogant. Both are skilled performers. Jim Blanton and James Propes also build a nice counter-balance as older characters. As Jack's father, Blanton is perfect as the "old soldier" who has known better days. He plays a loving Godfather who counters Propes' "villainous" humor, making even more comical the chase after Charley's Aunt and her vast riches. As Bresset, Wesner is the stage's loner, but from that position he subtly undercuts the "seriousness" of what is happening around him.

The women's roles are less interesting in terms of what happens on stage, but their lovely presence certainly helps to explain why those men will perform such activities. Freed from **Hot I**, Barbara Wesner and Karen Williams have ample opportunity to display their comic skills, and they certainly do that. As mannikins for designer Lyn Carroll's spring dresses, they are lovely physical objects which accentuate the setting and the spirit of the play. They do more than physically fill their roles, however, for these actresses allow the audience to differentiate between the characters. Each creates a comic mechanism through which to animate these rather mindless heroines. Laura Lind as the true Dona Lucia and Miriam Taylor as her ward Ela become bogged down in a rather wordy

[Continued on Page 11]

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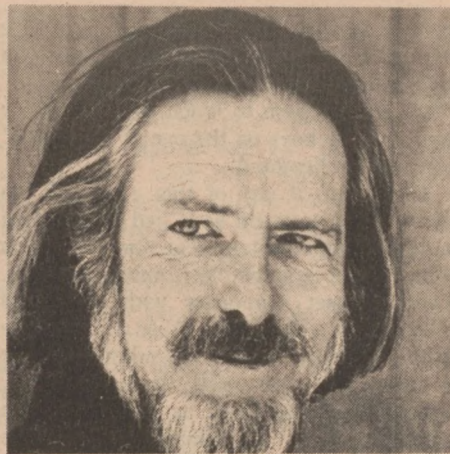
Offering a new way of seeing

By the time of his death last year, Alan Watts had become something of an intellectual folk-hero, a supra-academic guru, especially for the thousands of inward-turning young people still greening on campuses across the country. For the "counter-culture" he was, perhaps, the phantom of sanity behind the ghost of Timothy Leary. Born in America and educated in England, Watts was a scholar and, to some eclectic extent, a practitioner of Eastern thought and religion. Beginning in the 1950's he enjoyed a muted celebrity for his popular writings on Eastern thought, particularly Zen. He was not only a scholar and a popularizer, but a monitor of the popularization of Zen in the West. When Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg got hung up on satori and minimal artists began emptying their canvases in the name of Yin and Yang, Watts was there, with a wry smile, to gently comment.

Strange to say, but despite his more than sufficient celebrity, Watts' death was no cause for reflective comment in the mass media. I recall reading about it only in that "Milestones" or "Transformations" section of Time magazine under the heading: "DIED: ALAN WATTS, 59..." It was as if the man who had taught above all things

man's consummate unity with the Universe had just melted into its Eternal Flow. Although I am the quintessence of the quantitative Westerner, I still needed more of a milestone than the men from Time provided, especially for someone I'd admired, and I waited in vain for the usual rash of eulogies which this time never came. So I was pleased to discover that one of the footprints Alan Watts left in the sands of time was a videotape of his own material speaking self, preserved as if cryonically for periodic thawing on the air waves.

Watts' last broadcast in a series he did for the Public Broadcasting System, "Conversation With Myself," has been re-run three times in the last ten days by South Carolina ETV. Evidently someone over there is hoping that Watts' parapriestly ruminations outside his home in the mountains near San Francisco will eventually sink in, like a commercial message, by consistent repetition. But luckily "Conversation With Myself" is well worth playing again, not so much for a re-incantation of the message as for another view of the man. What Watts says in "Conversation With Myself" must be as familiar as a litany by now to his regular readers. Watts' message, put bluntly, like a syllogistic catechism, might read: (A) The Universe is far too polymorphous for our simplistic mental constructs, yet (B) we choose to confuse our diagrams with a much-more-complex world, to see the symbol for the reality, to mistake the window screen for a view of the landscape. (C) Our problem is that we have one track minds in a many track Universe. (D) Western man, obsessed with acting, doing, manipulating, fails to grasp the primordial interconnectedness of himself and all things. (E) Man must learn to leave the world be, to let Nature, ultimately, take its course....



Alan Watts

All of these insights are as old as the hills, nothing especially profound or esoteric, but merely the telling of things that can't be told. Yet "Conversation" is a worthwhile half-hour because of the way Watts, true as true Zen master must be, led his imaginary viewers to water without telling them how to drink. When one is telling what can't be told, and telling it on television, the medium is twice the message and style, not ripeness, is all. As this short broadcast demonstrates, Watts' style, like that of his books, was pragmatically aesthetic, contemplatively honest and to the point. Wisely, he refrained from discussing the Eastern outlook from which his rambling thought derived, and spoke instead in simple terms easily comprehensible to practical Americans. As his many readers will readily admit, Watts often dusted off Eastern concepts as if he were presenting fine antiques to a five-and-dime mentality. But in this conversation with himself he doesn't even so much as mention karma or the flux of Yin and Yang. Watts may look like a mystical Euell Gibbons, but at least this program doesn't make him look like a mere connoisseur of Eastern thought

in the way "Civilization" often makes Sir Kenneth Clark look like a dilettante of thought in general.

Beneath Watts professorial dignity and casual reticence there is, however, a certain element of cosmic corniness, which is possibly part of the program's appeal. To begin with, Watts looks like a guru made in Hollywood. With a walking stick and a Nehru collar, and brown-gray hair brushed perfectly back, he looks as too-perfectly handsome as a picture of Christ in Kresge's. Strolling with as much nirvanic leisure as the medium-length wide-angle shot permits, he stops at a prepared table to savor a few sips of Japanese ceremonial tea. "Nature is wiggly," he reminds us with a fresh debonaire whisper of an English accent. "You're trying to straighten out a wiggly world -- and no wonder you're in trouble!" And a little further on he stops on his walking stick to take in the sky with a kind of prophetic majesty. "I am, as it were, a cell in this tremendous brain."

Once or twice during "Conversation With Myself" I thought crazily of the "Captain Kangaroo Show." Mr. Green-jeans and the Captain, who have been boring millions of children for countless mornings now, both behave as if thinking methodically to themselves, in the immortally spry words of that famous pop hit song, "Slow down, you're movin' too fast, you've got to make the mornin' last." The crazy comparison of Alan Watts and Captain Kangaroo was a timely piece of free association, since the lyrics of that song presumably rattling about inside the Captain's skull, are Watts' message to the Western world, compressed, as it must be on TV, into a Contac cold capsule. The man who was once an inspiration in person and is still so in print, is a therapy on the air-waves, a mere pill, so to speak, in the box.

But therapy or no, this program left in
[Continued on Page 11]

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Only the title doesn't work well

William Friedkin's 1971 film **The French Connection** left the fate of New York City cop "Popeye" Doyle in limbo. Though he had busted the largest single heroin haul in police history, he had accidentally killed an FBI agent while unsuccessfully trying to prevent the escape of the notorious drug pusher Charnier, or "Frog One."

In John Frankenheimer's **French Connection II**, Popeye is again tracking his arch-nemesis Charnier, but on this trip he's in the hands of a director more concerned with the humanity of his actions than in reproducing the noisy, slam-bam pyrotechnics that Friedkin devised to clutter and cover up a hollow script. So, **FCII** offers a portrait of the heroin chaser which is intimate and personal, and more intellectually exciting than Friedkin's visceral assault.

In a droll opening, what looks like a trip to a fish market is soon revealed to be a police search for heroin which is supposedly stuffed in the fishes' gullets. The "hot tip" turned out to be an April Fool's joke, but this is not merely a wasted moment. Those butchered, bloody fish out of water stand as a marvelous metaphor for our hero.

Frankenheimer (**The Manchurian Candidate**, **Seconds**, **Grand Prix**) and his writers (Alexander Jacobs and Laurie and Robert Dillon) manage comfortably what Antonioni tried unsuccessfully to capture in **The Passenger** -- the alienation and frustration of the culturally isolated man. Like the journalist in **The Passenger**, Popeye finds himself in a strange and



Gene Hackman - Superior to its predecessor

mysterious society which, he learns, can completely overcome him. The docks of Marseilles, not the streets of New York, are his milieu; French replaces Popeye's native Brooklynese as the spoken and "most-heard" language. Doyle, finally, is attacking the problem at its roots.

The film starts out slowly. The writers get bogged down in explaining what happened in the first film (and, oddly, **Serpico**), mainly to provide background to any spectator who did not see it. Suddenly, though, a man drops dead in one of Marseilles' back alleys and Popeye, a peripheral cause of death, is off and running away from the bureaucratic nightmare of French officialdom toward "Frog One."

What ultimately distinguishes **FCII** from its predecessor is the portrait of heroin which emerges. In the first film, Popeye is anti-heroin, to be sure, but Friedkin never tries to explain why and, frequently, he glamorizes the life-style of the heroin pusher. In one scene, for instance, Popeye stands in the rain munching a hot dog

while, across the street in a posh restaurant, Charnier enjoys a lavish dinner complete with wine and cigars. Popeye's vulgarities, brutalities, ignorance, and ugliness contrasted markedly to foxy Charnier's personable ways and richness of style.

Frankenheimer is concerned with the flow of heroin, but he follows this innocuous looking powder as it flows from the cartridge of a hypodermic needle into the bloodstream of Popeye Doyle. (The hero, caught by his foes, is pumped full of heroin.) In doing so, the film becomes more than a cop-and-crook chase; it comes to grips in a graphically visual manner with the horror which motivates and necessitates what became in Friedkin's film a pointless ritual.

Gene Hackman continues his brilliant characterization of Popeye. At first, he is the same hard-nosed, hard-to-like Doyle who never has a nice word for anyone. This is the Doyle of the first film, a man who thinks himself so doggedly right that he refuses to admit his own limitations and

failings. With the heroin working its power, Hackman's Doyle becomes a rabid, seething monster who, in subtle ways, can reveal more humanity than Doyle the "pig" cop. It is the final Doyle, a man struggling to become human again, that Hackman makes so believable and compelling.

Fernando Rey, too, continues his charming ways as Charnier. He is perfect in this gentlemanly role, but he has less to do here. As Popeye's French police connection, Bernard Fresson (**Z**) is a welcome replacement for the stolid Roy Scheider. He exuberantly matches the power of Hackman's performance, especially in the scenes in which he weans Doyle from his habit. The camaraderie which the two actors establish offers a touching and personal portrait of male friendship based on mutual trust and respect instead of the cutesy-pie muggings of Newman-Redford or Arkin-Caan. In a brief role, veteran Cathleen Nesbitt gives a chilling performance.

Claude Renoir's photography captures some striking images as well as presenting a behind-the-facades travelogue of Marseilles as he records the alleys and docks of that infamous city. The grainy quality of his work brings "realism" to this movie, for his photography is as "seedy" as some of the film's events.

Frankenheimer generates suspense just by placing the New York bred, All-American Popeye in such a foreign setting. He deepens feelings in the closer scenes -- those between Hackman and Nesbitt, and Hackman and Fresson -- by carefully controlling the two human figures, locking them together in the same frames. The chase which eventually develops is an exciting one involving a dry-docked Dutch liner followed up with the inevitable confrontation. Without playing it for laughs, Frankenheimer even parodies Friedkin's chase.

It is only when we are reminded that this is a sequel to an earlier film does **French Connection II** fail. So, the title becomes the only thing about this film which doesn't work well. The material is exciting and the film quite capable of standing on its own merits without kowtowing to its ethically dishonest and empty-headed ancestor.

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CINEMA

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Mandingo." Lust and violence down on de ole plantation with Marse Perry King "pleasuring" his slaves while wife Susan George, a cross between Scarlett O'Hara and Georgina Spelvin, must seek elsewhere for a little animal comfort. This purported realistic view of the ante-bellum south is one of those ideas so ludicrous that it's almost enjoyable, and Richard Fleischer (the obvious choice) has directed with a creatively vulgar touch. Of course it's crude exploitation, but probably truer to the facts of its period than the romantic spectacle of "Gone With the Wind." R. 2:15, 4:45, 7:15, and 9:45.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Resurrection of Eve" and "The Homemakers" are both rated X, unsurprisingly, and begin continuous shows at 3:30 with the last complete show at 8:30.

CINE-ART THEATRE 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"Hot Channels" deserves some sort of prize as porno titles go, and "Pornography in Hollywood" comes up next. X and shows continuously from 1 p.m.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"The Exorcist." Since presumably everyone got a dose of this nauseous grue last year, the new run is evidently intended for those who want seconds. It's a handsomely made, well acted depiction of a fairly abhorrent subject, although one's reaction to it would seem to depend on how seriously you take the supernatural story (unlike Polanski in "Rosemary's Baby," director William Friedkin and his colleagues seem to have taken the story very seriously indeed). With Susan Blair, who achieved instant stardom as the possessed, Ellen Burstyn, who got her all too long delayed stardom as the mother, and less notably, Jason Miller and Max Von Sydow. R. 1:30, 4, 6:30, and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"Bambi," Thumper, and their friends stay for another week in this re-release of the Disney classic. Parents take note, for if Disney people continue their standard releasing policy it won't be back for another seven years. The times are 3, 5, 6:30, and 8:30.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"Jaws." A textbook case in how to use the media blitz to turn an average and reasonably scary movie into a superhit. As the trade ads have it, it's a "monster" indeed, having gobbled up \$7 million in its first three days and that's only the beginning. Not as bad as most of the disaster films nor as good as some others ("Juggernaut," the at least mildly sentient "Towering Inferno"), but obviously everyone's going. With Roy Scheider, Richard Dreyfuss, and Robert Shaw as a salty shark hunter who suggests he may give the big fish indigestion. PG. 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"The Devil's Rain." All we know about it is that Ernest Borgnine plays Satan, if that tells you anything. Eddie Albert, William Shatner, Keenan Wynn, and Ida Lupino. PG. 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, and 7:10.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"The Other Side of the Mountain." Another week for this love story about the crippling of a professional skier. PG. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, and 9:30.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"The Happy Hooker" has the porno style and ambience, but the producers have underplayed the sexploitation (it's only rated R) and Lynn Redgrave gives a fine, likable performance as Xaviera Hollander. The movie would really seem to be almost a position paper for the porno industry -- posing the question, what's so bad about feeling good? -- and this commonsensical if somewhat simplistic

approach to prostitution and sexual relations makes for a pleasant, low key good time. With Jean Pierre Aumont and a brief appearance by Tom Poston. 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square Downtown, 254-6731

"The Drowning Pool." Paul Newman plays opposite his wife, Joanne Woodward, in this sequel to his earlier Harper. It's based on the detective novel by Ross MacDonald. PG. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.



Paul Newman in "The Drowning Pool"

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 254-5800

"French Connection II." This sequel to the highly successful "French Connection" switches locations from New York to Marseille and reportedly is more of a character study of Popeye Doyle, played once again by Gene Hackman. R. 2:35, 4:55, 7:10, and 9:30.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"Tommy." A likable and highly popular "rock opera" becomes a dislikable but still popular gargantuan of a movie musical. Most of the blame goes to director Ken Russell, who as usual has used his subject as a springboard for his own extravagant fantasies that are frequently fun but ultimately just too much. "Tommy" and it's gentle anti-commercial message collapse under the weight of Russell's ego and the hyped-up high stakes promotion. With a better than ever Ann Margret, Oliver Reed, Tina Turner, Elton John, Eric Clapton, Roger Daltry, and Jack Nicholson, proving once again he's willing to try anything. PG. 3, 5, 7, and 9. The late show on the 11th and 12th

will be "Night of the Living Dead." On the 18th and 19th, "Dirty Mary, Crazy Larry."

RICHLAND MALL I THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Funny Girl." Streisand returns once again to the Fanny Brice story on which she began her career, this time with James Caan in tow as Brice's second husband, Billy Rose, and Omar Shariff once again as the gangster/heel from "Funny Girl" until she shows him the fast way out. PG. 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30.

RICHLAND MALL II THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Return of the Pink Panther." A faintly anachronistic, wholly unambitious, totally delightful throwback to the mild, situation-ridden comedies of the early sixties. Peter Sellers recreates his role as Inspector Clouseau, the bumbling but self-sure French detective, who drives his chief inspector (Herbert Lom) off the deep end but always, miraculously, gets his man and the giant diamond known as the Pink Panther. Directed in a fast, black-out style by Blake Edwards with good natured appearances by Catherine Schell and Christopher Plummer. G. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9. No 1 p.m. show Monday through Thursday. The late show at 11:15 p.m. on July 11 and 12 will be "Slaughterhouse Five." On the following weekend it will be "Don't Look Now."

CLUBS

THE COPPER DOOR, 2307 Rosewood Drive, 771-9387

"Sleepers" is the band for the 11th and 12th. "Peace Tree" will be appearing the following week. Free for members.

THE JADE EAST, Carolina Inn, 937 Assembly Street, 799-8200

Freddie Paul sings on Friday and Saturday, July 11th and 12th. "Elmo and the Cosmos" are booked for the week ending on the 19th. The cover charge is \$5 for couples, \$3 for men, and \$2 for women.

THE SECOND LEVEL, 2011 Devine Street, 771-4794

"Knappy Patch" are scheduled for July 11 and 12. The following week will have Ken Higgins on Monday, Russ Buty on Tuesday, Rob Crosby for Wednesday, Jim, Lee and Connie on Thursday, and Drink Small and his blues band on

Friday and Saturday, July 18 and 19.

THE LEFT GUARD, 2728 Rosewood Drive, 799-2575

"Road Apple" for the week ending July 12th. \$1.50 during the week, \$2.50 on the weekend for members. Next week: "Lyra." **THE CHOPPING BLOCK, 1021 Briargate Circle, 772-2011**

"Silk and Steel," through the 12th. "Heads of State" the following week. No cover charge. **THE FORUM, 1520 Senate Street, 771-9973**

Skip Reason and his jazz trio start on Friday, the 11th, and continue through the following week. The charge is \$1 on the weekend, free during the week, no membership required.

THE THREE CHAIRMEN, 1824 Edmund Road, Cayce, 794-1290

Ken Higgins sings on Fridays and "Just Two," two women in a country folk duo, on Saturdays. No cover.

THE PUMPERNICKEL, Arcade Mall Downtown, 254-0775

"Erospace," an acoustic group on Friday, the 11th, Jim, Lee and Connie as usual on Saturday. The following week adds "Bird Fish" Tuesday and Thursday and "The Ventralis Band" on Wednesday.

THEATRE

This week the USC Repertory Theatre will be presenting "The Hot I Baltimore" on Friday, July 11th and Wednesday, July 16th, "Picnic" on Sunday, July 13th, Tuesday, July 15th, and Saturday, July 19th, and "Charley's Aunt" on Saturday, July 12th, Thursday, July 17th, and Friday, July 18th. Tickets are \$3 for adults, \$2 for USC faculty and staff, and \$1 for students, and curtain times are 8:15 p.m. nightly and 3 p.m. on Sundays. All performances are in the Drayton Hall Theatre.

ART

The Columbia Museum of Art is continuing three shows for the summer: "Photographic Art" is a collection of work by three Columbia area photographers, C. Edward Beaman, Hunter L. Clarkson, and Robert M. Smith Jr., and will be exhibited in the corridor. Thirty paintings by Paul Anderson, a specialist in representational and realistic painting, will be

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THIS WEEK FEATURING

the Ventralis band WEDNESDAYS

shown in the East and West Galleries of the Museum. "Etruscan Art" is a twenty-seven piece mini-exhibit that will be presented in the Case Gallery upstairs, with artifacts and art objects from the pre-Christian Etruscan period. Also in the Trustees Gallery through August will be some special paintings from the Museum's permanent collection that are ordinarily on loan or in storage, unavailable for viewing.

MUSIC

The Barry White concert at the Carolina Coliseum has been rescheduled for Saturday, July 19. Those wishing to purchase or pick up tickets may do so at the Taylor Street and Broadwood Pharmacies. The Coliseum Box Office will be closed until July 14.

TELEVISION

Saturday, July 12
4:30 p.m. - Golf. The final round of the British Open is telecast from Carnoustie, Scotland. (Channel 25)

8 p.m. - Philadelphia Folk Festival. This week's segment from the 1974 Festival has Tom Rush, Diane Davidson, and blues singers Larry Johnson and the Scats. (Channel 35)

9 p.m. - Movie. "Sweet November" stars Sandy Dennis and Anthony Newley in a love story between a stuffy businessman (he makes boxes) and an eccentric free living New Yorker. How much you like it will depend on your tolerance for Dennis' tics and mannerisms, which are indulged in extremis. Theodore Bikel, Sandy Baron. (Channel 25)

10 p.m. - Moses the Lawgiver. Moses (Burt Lancaster) leads his people across the Red Sea and must deal with the discontent caused by the hardships of the journey. The supporting cast includes Anthony Quayle and Ingrid Thulin. (Channel 19)

11 p.m. - Movie. "42nd Street" for those who missed it last week. George Brent, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, and choreography by the wonderfully bizarre Busby Berkeley. (Channel 19)

Sunday, July 14

1 p.m. - Movie. "Room Service." One of the weakest of the Marx Brothers films for MGM but some priceless moments including Groucho singing "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" during the farcical eulogy. If the action seems stacy it's because it was adapted from George Abbott's classic Broadway comedy, and watch for a barely recognizable Lucille Ball. (Channel 19)

3 p.m. - Movie. "The Public Enemy." The classic with James Cagney and Jean Harlow. (Channel 19)

6 p.m. - Picking up "60 Minutes" old time slot is a new seven-week series called "Conversations With Eric Severeid." Despite the portentous title, all Severeid fans, among which we number ourselves, should be glued to the tube for these discussions of politics and world affairs. Tonight John J. McCloy, an advisor to Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower, will talk about such topics as the decision to drop the bomb on Hiroshima. (Channel 19)

Monday, July 14

11:30 p.m. - Apollo-Soyuz. NBC and CBS give their preflight previews of the mission that will link Russian and American spacecraft. John Chancellor reports on Channel 10 and Walter Cronkite on Channel 19.

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. Cub reporters can stay up and see how it's done in the big city when Tom Snyder does an on-location show from The New York Times. Included is an interview with theatre critic Clive Barnes. Repeat. (Channel 10)

Tuesday, July 15

8:20 a.m. - Live coverage of the lift-off of the Soyuz space craft. (All channels)

3:15 p.m. - The American Apollo crew lifts off. (All channels)

8:15 p.m. - Baseball. The National League versus American in the All-Star game from Milwaukee. (Channel 10)

Wednesday, July 16

9 p.m. - The Zoo Gang. A three week British series about four modern crime fighters (Brian Keith, John Mills, Lilli Palmer, and Barry Morse) who used to be chums in the World War II resistance and are now out to relive old times. We suspect bars and a strong lock may be needed for the creators of this rather strange concoction (including original novelist Paul Gallico) although the music is by Paul and Linda McCartney and with such a fine cast it may not be bad. (Channel 10)

9 p.m. - Hollywood Television Theatre. "The Chicago Conspiracy Trial." One of the biggest legal circuses of the century should be prime territory for dramatization in this 1970 BBC (how do they get Hollywood out of that?) production. Morris Carnovsky plays Judge Hoffman, Ronny Cox (since of "Apple's Way") as Jerry Rubin, Al Freeman as Bobby Seale, and Cliff Gorman is cast as Abbie Hoffman. (Channel 35)

Thursday, July 17

12:15 p.m. - The Apollo and

Soyuz spacecraft are scheduled to dock. A "handshake in space" is set to take place some time between 3 and 4 p.m. (All channels)

8 p.m. - Baseball. The Atlanta Braves versus the Mets from New York. (Channel 10)

9 p.m. - Movie. "The Treasure of Sierra Madre." One of the finest of all American films and probably director John Huston's best effort. The performances, by Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, and

the director's father, Walter Huston, may seem a little mannered today, but Huston, working from the novel by B. Traven, created a powerful, well-crafted study of the debilitating effect of greed on three gold prospectors in Mexico. Not to be missed. (Channel 19)

Friday, July 18

1 a.m. - Midnight Special. Helen Reddy, Mac Davis, Waylon Jennings, Minnie Riperton, and Joe Simon. (Channel 10)

'Charley's Aunt'

[Continued from Page Seven]

conversation upon their arrival but quickly get into the gaiety of it all once they handle this expository matter. Lind's Dona Lucia never allows herself to be pulled into the manic actions of the others, for she knows the truth about Charley's Aunt. She creates a maternal and regal character full of human kindness. Like Wesner and Williams, Taylor's ingenue is distinctly individualistic.

Walter O'Rourke's exterior setting for the first two acts creates a pastel and warm springtime which literally fills the vast Drayton Hall stage with great beauty. His third-act interior is an English parlor done up with style and elegance. Lyn Carroll's lovely costumes heighten the beauty of the actresses and add more color to the milieu.

Director James Patterson handily coordinates the disparate elements of stagecraft into a pleasingly integrated whole. He deftly recreates an old music hall gag as Bordner, Kersey, and Stockton argue over possession of a suitcase full of champagne. In the second act, he has a well paced and carefully mapped chase which produces much humor and chaos. Patterson also has the visual talents to transform setting and characters into multi-colored images which kaleidoscopically appear and disappear with every movement on stage.

Repertory theatre allows actors, directors, and technicians alike to gain a lot of experience in a relatively short period of time. That those involved in **Charley's Aunt** create such sparkling entertainment is even more commendable in light of the other duties they must simultaneously perform for **Hot I Baltimore** and the forthcoming **Picnic**. This theatrical set-up should also appeal to audiences, for it allows the continuous spectators to build a rapport and grow with the stage performers.

Charley's Aunt is a delightful production. Its happy ending will never solve an individual's problems, but Patterson's smooth direction and the actors' ease at performing keep us secure in the notion that somewhere, somehow, people and things can unite to overcome every obstacle. It's a nice thought, at least.

Watts

[Continued from Page Eight]

me a vacant feeling of what you could call electro-poignant nostalgia. I was in college when a "Watts-wave" hit four years ago, a fad like a wave of academic cotton candy. The presence of his crisp Ventage paperbacks was ubiquitous in form rooms and book stores. I had most of Watts popular books, like **What Does It Mean?**, a collection of tranquilizing essays on the paradox of existence which I kept on the floor by the bed and usually paid the kind of attention you normally pay the Gideon Bible in a Holiday Inn except -- except on those really dull, deeply despondant days when the black void beckons and all young men are supposed to slip out to the golf course behind the 18th green and cry their eyes out. On those days I read Watts -- well there he was on the floor, as good as anything -- little suspecting all the while that **What Does It Mean?** in paperback was performing for me a none-too-grave psychological service somewhere in quality between those offered by the new vinyl-bound Catholic prayer book and the old McGuffey's Reader.

Now this last Watts broadcast was probably "merely therapeutic" like that book on that dull depressing day, but it goaded me into a realization that comes out sort of like the eulogy I never heard for Watts. In the day of religious chaos, faith-healing charlatans, and the sociological rash of carnival cults, Alan Watts should be sorely missed. He offered what he did not wish to own, a new way of seeing -- and not just another way of joining.

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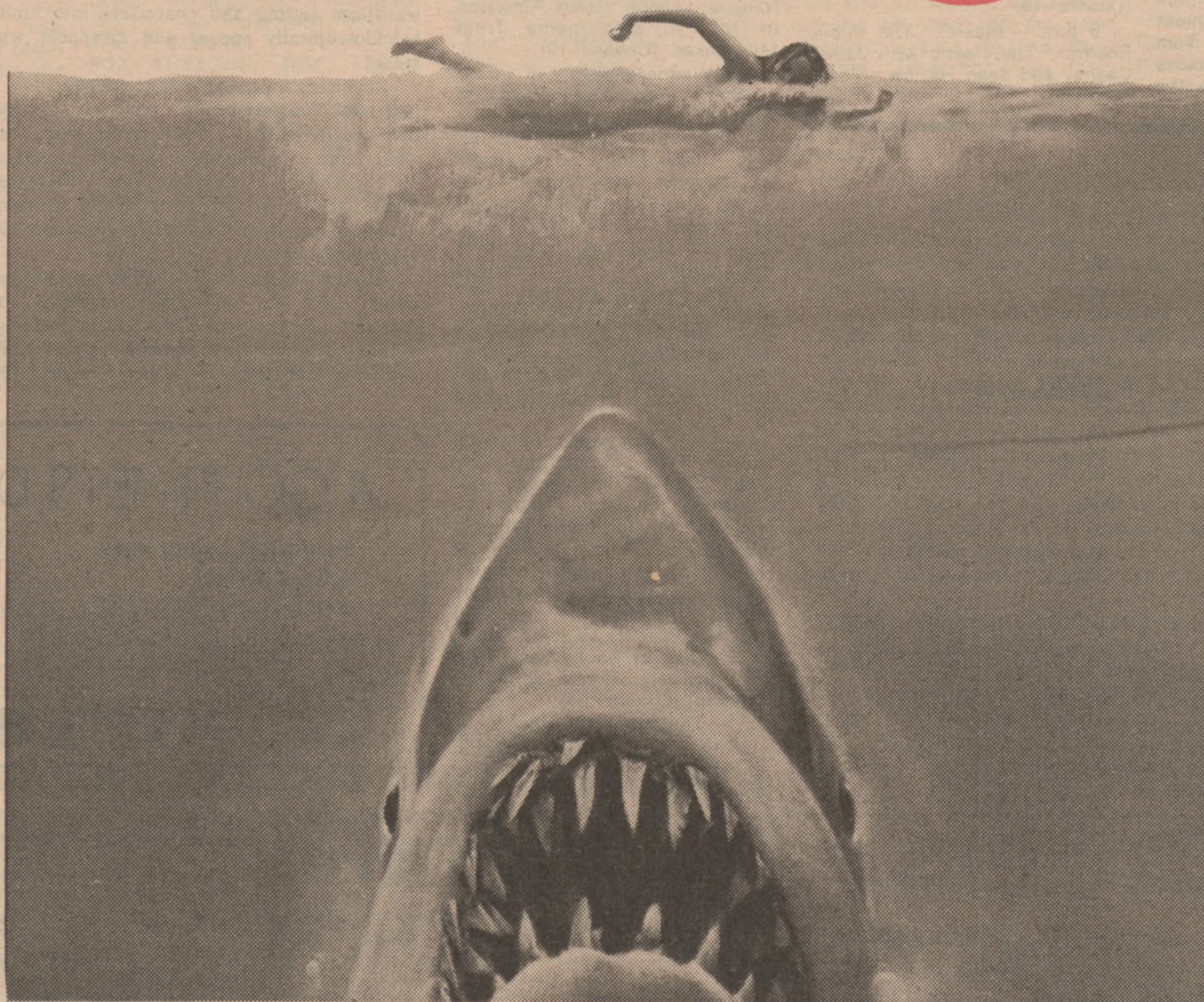
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